

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth  
certaine Papers. *Hotsp.* What hast thou found?  
*Peto.* Nothing but Papers, my Lord.  
*Prince.* Let's see, what they be they read them.

*Peto.* Item, a Capon. ii. s. i. d.  
Item, Sawce. iii. d.  
Item, Sacke, two Gallons. vi. s. viii. d.  
Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii. s. vi. d.  
Item, Bread. ob.

*Prince.* O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is else, keepe close, we'll reade it at more aduantage: there let him sleepe till day. He to the Court in the Morning: Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. He procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow *Peto.*

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter *Hotspurre*, *Worcester*, *Lord Mortimer*,  
*Owen Glendower*.

*Mort.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hotsp.* Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,  
Will you sit downe?

And Vnckle *Worcester*: a plague vpon it,  
I haue forgot the Mappe.

*Glend.* No, here it is:

Sit Cousin *Percy*, sit good Cousin *Hotspurre*:  
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speake of you,  
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,  
He wisheth you in Heauen.

*Hotsp.* And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,  
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,  
The frame and foundation of the Earth  
Shak'd like a Coward.

*Hotsp.* Why so it would haue done at the same season,  
if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe  
had neuer beene borne.

*Glend.* I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

*Hotsp.* And I say the Earth was not of my minde,  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

*Glend.* The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did  
tremble.

*Hotsp.* Oh, then the Earth shooke

To see the Heauens on fire,  
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.

Discaied Nature oftentimes breakes forth  
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth

Is with a kinde of Collicke pinch'd and vex'd,  
By the imprisoning of vnripy Witde

Within her Wombe: which for enlargement strining,  
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tumbles downe

Steeple, and mosse-grown Towers. At your Birth  
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,  
In passion shooke.

*Glend.* Cousin: of many men  
I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth  
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards  
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,  
And all the courses of my Life doe shew,

I am not in the Roll of common men.  
Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea?

That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,  
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,  
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,

And hold me pace in deepe experiments.  
*Hotsp.* I thinke there's no man speaks better Welsh

He to Dinner.  
*Mort.* Peace Cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.  
*Hotsp.* Why to can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?  
*Glend.* Why I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the

Deuill.  
*Hotsp.* And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuill.

By telling truth: Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.  
If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,

And Ile be sworn, I haue power to shame him hence.  
Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

*Mort.* Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable  
Chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head  
Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wyne,

And sandy-bottom'd *Seuerne*, haue I hent him  
Bootelesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

*Hotsp.* Home without Bootes,  
And in foule Weather too.

How seapes he Agues in the Deuils name?  
*Glend.* Come, heere's the Mappe:

Shall wee diuide our Right,  
According to our three-fold order ra'ne?

*Mort.* The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it  
Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and *Seuerne*, hitherto,  
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the *Seuerne* shore,  
And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To *Owen Glendower*: And deare Couze, to you  
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:  
Which being sealed enterchangeably,

(A Businesse that this Night may execute)  
To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,

And my good Lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,  
To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,

As is appointed vs at *Shrewsbury*.  
My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet,

Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes:  
Within that space, you may haue drawne together

Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.  
*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:

And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,  
From whom you now must feale, and take no leaue,

For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.  
*Hotsp.* Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,

In quantitie equals not one of yours.  
See, how this River comes me cranking in,

And cuts me from the best of all my Land,  
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out.

He haue the Currant in this place damnd vpy,  
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall runne.

In a new Channell, faire and euenly:  
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,

To rob me of so rich a Bottom here.  
*Glend.* Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

*Mort.* Yea, but marke how he beares his course,  
And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,

Gelding the oppos'd Continent as much,  
As on the other side it takes from you.

*Worc.* Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,  
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,

And then he runnes straight and euen.  
*Hotsp.* He haue it for a little Charge will doe it.

*Glend.* He not haue it alter'd.  
*Hotsp.* Will not you?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.  
*Hotsp.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.  
*Hotsp.* Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in

Welsh.  
*Glend.* I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:

For I was wayn'd vp in the English Court;  
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe

Many an English Dittie, loosely well,  
And gaue the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;

A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.  
*Hotsp.* Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,

I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,  
Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:

I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,  
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,

And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,  
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;

'Tis like the forc'd gate of a shuffling Nagge.  
*Glend.* Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.

*Hotsp.* I doe not care: He giue thrice so much Land  
To any well-deseruing friend;

But in the way of Bargaine, make ye me,  
He cauil on the ninth part of a hayre.

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?  
*Glend.* The Moone shines faire,

You may away by Night:  
He haste the Writer; and withall,

Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:  
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,

So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit.*  
*Mort.* Fic, Cousin *Percy*, how you crosse my Fa-

ther.  
*Hotsp.* I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,

With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,  
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;

And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,  
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Raven,

A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,  
And such a deale of skumble-skamble Stuffe,

As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,  
He held me last Night, at least nine howres,

In reckning vp the feuerall Deuils Names,  
That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd ham, and well, goe too,  
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious

As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,  
Worse then a smoakie House, I had rather lye

With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,  
Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,

In any Summer-House in Christendome.  
*Mort.* In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,

Exceeding well read, and profited,  
In strange Concealements:

Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,  
And as bountifull, as Mynes of India:

Shall I tell you, Cousin,  
He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,  
When you doe crosse his humor: faith he does.

I warrant you, that man is not allee,  
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,

Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:  
But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you.

*Worc.* In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your coming hither, haue done enough,

To put him quite besides his patience.  
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault:

Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,  
Defect of Manners, want of Government,

Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdain:  
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,

Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne  
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,

Beguiling them of commendation.  
*Hotsp.* Well, I am school'd:

Good-manners be your speede;  
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*  
*Mort.* This is the deadly sight, that angers me,

My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.  
*Glend.* My Daughter weepes, shee'll not part with you,

Shee'll be a Souldier too, shee'll to the Warres.  
*Mort.* Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt *Percy*

Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.  
*Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she an-*

*swers him in the same.*  
*Glend.* Shee is desperate heere:

A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry,  
One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.

*The Lady speakes in Welsh.*  
*Mort.* I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh

Which thou pow'st down from these swelling Heauens,  
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,

In such a parley should I answer thee.  
*The Lady againe in Welsh.*

*Mort.* I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thour mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,  
Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes